

Tell Them You Love Me

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Tell Them You Love Me

by [MilkWasTaken](#)

Summary

Dream and George decided to go with the marriage route to get George over to America. And it worked!

Until one day when they get a letter in the mail, letting them know they're being looked into for marriage fraud.

To fight this, they realize they have to play the part and make their marriage convincing. And that includes every aspect of it.

Notes

All I can say is, I just couldn't get this idea out of my head so, I wrote it.

Also here's some songs;

David Ross Lawn - Vigil

Steve Lacy - Dark Red

The instrumental version of 'jealousy jealousy' by Olivia Rodrigo is also Very much a vibe

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“So.. what does that mean?”

George asked.

Dream sighed as he walked over to sit next to George on the bed, letter still in his hands after reading it out loud for George.

“It pretty much means that they don’t believe us. They don’t believe this whole,”

He gestured between them,

“Marriage thing. They don’t think it’s real.”

He then gave a chuckle, a hint of nerves in the tone of his voice,

“Which, I mean, it’s not. So,”

George groaned,

“Dream,”

He whined out as he proceeded to rub his face in frustration.

“So what do we do now?”

He then asked.

“We.. prove them wrong, I guess, I.. I don’t know, George.”

“And how do we prove them wrong?”

Dream tipped his head slightly to the side,

“Well, they’ll probably ask us a bunch of questions, check to see if we’re, you know, serious about this.”

He then sighed,

“So we’re gonna have to convince them. Alright? George?”

George gave a slight shrug,

“Okay but, how?”

Dream put the letter to the side as he turned to George,

“I don’t know,”

Dream mumbled,

“We just need to convince them that we know each other. That we, love each other.”

He then cleared his throat,

“Which, we do. Right? I mean, I love you, you’re my best friend, so. This isn’t gonna be that hard. I don’t think, like, friends- I mean friends like us, you know, best friends are pretty much, like a married couple anyways, right? So. Yeah, it’ll be fine.”

George huffed, then he put his hand against his cheek,

“Dream.”

“What?”

“They’re probably gonna ask more about, like, romantic stuff.”

Dream’s gaze shifted a bit, then he nodded.

“Yeah. I mean, that’s fine. We got this, George.”

George’s brows raised a bit,

“So you’ll convince them you’re in love with me, then?”

Dream scoffed,

“Uh, well, yeah. Pretty much, I guess. But I mean, so will you.”

George gave a shrug, seeming a bit more nonchalant than Dream did,

“Alright.”

He said simply.

Dream nodded,

“Alright.”

He echoed.

“So what type of questions do you think they’ll ask?”

George then asked.

Dream hummed,

“Uhh, well.. I mean, I haven’t been in this situation before, so,”

He gave a slightly nervous chuckle,

“But, I’d assume it’ll be something like, what’s your favorite color, or, when’s your birthday.”

“When’s my birthday, Dream?”

Without sparing a single second, Dream said,

“November first.”

It made George smile widely, trying to somewhat fight his smile as he nodded, brows raising slightly.

“What’s mine?”

Dream then asked, voice lowering slightly as if it was a challenge.

“August twelfth.”

Dream nodded,

“Alright, good. See? We got this already, George.”

“Yeah, sure, we obviously got the best friend stuff, but.. what about like, more couple-y type of questions?”

Dream’s gaze flickered between his eyes as he looked at George,

“What, you mean like, sex?”

George seemed a bit flustered as he almost rolled his eyes at his bluntness,

“Uh, yeah. Cause it’s not like we do that stuff. They’ll probably pick up on that pretty easily if they start asking us about it.”

Dream nodded, looking determined suddenly,

“Alright. Then let’s, let’s go through it, George.”

George pulled a confused face,

“What? What does that even mean?”

He asked, voice slightly flustered, winded.

“Not like that, idiot. I mean, let’s just.. talk about it, like, go through the basics.”

“Talk about it, how?”

Dream shrugged, sounding slightly nervous as he chuckled,

“I don’t know, like, what’s your favorite position?”

“Oh my god, this is so ridiculous,”

George mumbled under his breath, clearly not into having this conversation.

“Can’t we just tell them we have sex?”

“How often?”

Dream asked immediately, to which George shrugged,

“I don’t know, often?”

Dream’s brows raised slightly as he looked at him, to which George pulled a confused yet flustered face at him.

It made Dream chuckle,

“Alright. Fine. We have sex often, apparently. Can’t keep our hands off of each other, it seems like.”

George gave a slightly flustered huff,

“I didn’t mean it like that, you’re an idiot.”

“Yeah I’m so sure you didn’t.”

Dream said with this teasing grin on his lips, making George roll his eyes and bump his shoulder against Dream’s,

“You’re so annoying.”

He mumbled.

Dream then cleared his throat, speaking,

“But this is good, George. We need to go through it like this so we’re on the same page, have the same answers.”

George huffed lightly, gaze drifting to his lap.

But he could see that Dream had a point.

“So do we tell them I’m the top or?”

Dream then asked, to which George’s eyes widened before he looked at Dream,

“Why does that even- what?”

Dream laughed at his flustered response,

“They’re going to ask us, George. I guarantee you, they will. So, you’re the bottom.”

George rolled his eyes and gave a small shrug,

“Okay, whatever, Dream. It’s your fantasy.”

“What? It’s not my fantasy. I don’t, like, fantasize about you.”

George scoffed at his defensive answer,

“Okay, Dream.”

“Oh come on, you know I don’t.”

“How would I know? I’m not in your head.”

Dream shook his head at that,

“You’re an idiot,”

“So we have sex often, and you’re the bottom. What else?”

Dream then asked, to which George sighed.

“I don’t know, Dream.”

“We need more than this, George. There’s no way they’re gonna believe us if that’s all we’ve got to answer with.”

George gave a shrug,

“Fine, then tell me what our sex life looks like, Dream.”

“What? Why should I have to come up with that?”

“You’re the one who keeps.. talking about it.”

“Because it’s important, George.”

Dream then sighed,

“Let’s just keep asking each other questions. What’s your, like, kinks?”

“Oh my god,”

George mumbled under his breath as he ran his fingertips across his face.

Dream chuckled,

“What? I should actually know this anyways, George. I’m your best friend. Tell me what you’re into.”

George sighed,

“Your mum.”

He then mumbled, to which Dream scoffed lightly as he shook his head,

“You’re an idiot.”

He then turned slightly more towards George, trying to force back his smile and look more serious,

“But I’m serious, George. Tell me what you’re into.”

George was silent for a moment at this, clearly struggling a bit to find his words.

“George, come on.”

“Why do I have to start anyways? Can’t you say yours instead?”

George finally said, sounding slightly defensive.

Dream let out a slightly nervous chuckle at that,

“Okay, fine. I’ll go first, then,”

He cleared his throat, then said,

“I.. okay it’s gonna sound weird but,”

He gave another flustered chuckle before saying,

“I kinda like to be in control, like, dominant, I guess?”

He gave another chuckle, clearly flustered over being on the topic and speaking about what he was into with his best friend.

But they’re married, so, he should know.

Even if it’s just for the visa, they need to convince the government that it’s not just for that.

That it’s real.

George gave a slight scoff,

“Okay.”

He mumbled as he fiddled a bit with his fingers.

Dream cleared his throat,

“Now tell me something you’re into.”

Dream said, wanting to take the heat off of himself and have George confess something too.

George shrugged,

“Uh, I don’t know. But like, can’t we just go on your stuff? Since you’re into being dominant, we can just tell them I’m into being, uh, dominated, or whatever?”

He cringed as he finished his sentence. Wetting his lips, feeling flustered over the whole topic.

“You’re submissive, then.”

Dream said, to which George shrugged as he seemed to wanna just move on,

“Sure, whatever, Dream.”

“You need to know the right word for it if you want this to be believable, George.”

“Okay, fine, whatever, Dream.”

George mumbled.

Dream then huffed,

“Something else that you’re into is obviously money.”

“What? I’m not, ‘into’, money.”

Dream chuckled,

“You so are, you’re obsessed with money. Just admit it, George.”

“Why? It’s irrelevant to this anyways. It’s not like that’s gonna be brought up in their questions. If anything that would be a stupid thing to say cause then it really seems like I just married you for money and the visa.”

“Well, you kinda did.”

George just scoffed at him as he lightly rolled his eyes.

“But we need more material for our sex life, George.”

Dream said, to which George shrugged,

“Alright. Tell me more, then.”

Dream seemed to think for a moment, before he then sighed and tipped his head to the side,

“Just get on the bed, George.”

George pulled a face, looking at him as if he’d lost it.

“What?”

Dream gave a light chuckle,

“It’s so, awkward to go through it like this. Let’s just do a pretend round or something.”

“A pretend round?”

George echoed. Still looking at Dream as if he’d absolutely lost it.

“You got any better ideas?”

Dream asked with a shrug.

George scoffed, still looking at him as if he was insane.

But then his gaze dropped, and he realized he really didn’t have any better ideas.

And maybe it wasn’t gonna be as weird as it sounded.

So he sighed, then moved. Scooting over to lay on the bed.

As soon as he’d moved, Dream moved to get ontop of him. Placing one hand by each side of George’s head as he was hovering over him.

George's eyes widened as he realized how close they were suddenly, turning his head to the side as he felt his face heat up,

"Uh, Dream, this is kinda, weird.."

"I know, but we need to practice, George. It has to seem believable."

"What?"

George mumbled airily.

Just every word that came out of Dream's mouth was so.. weird.

This was all so weird.

"Look at me, George."

Dream then mumbled, and George drew a breath to gather himself.

He just hated how hot his cheeks were getting from being this close, he hated how flustered he got.

George turned his head slowly to face him. He then glanced up at Dream, gaze dropping to his lips. Studying his facial features up close like this.

He then caught Dream wetting his lips, before speaking,

"We should kiss."

George's eyes widened, his head pushing back,

"What? Why?"

He spoke, words fast, breathless.

"They'll probably make us kiss or something. Actually, I guarantee you they'll want to see that, it's a very telling thing. They'll notice if we've kissed before or not."

George's lashes fluttered, gaze finding Dream's lips again, heart making a small jump in his chest.

Must be nerves.

“Besides, it’s just a kiss, George. It’s not like- like it means anything.”

George wanted to give a scoff at that, but all that came out was a faint huff.

His gaze flickered up to meet Dream’s gaze.

“You okay with that?”

Dream then asked, voice dipping, sounding slightly softer.

George drew a breath, then nodded. Shifting slightly, swallowing as his gaze dipped to Dream’s lips again.

It was just a kiss.

Just like Dream said, it didn’t mean anything.

Just a small, simple, meaningless kiss.

“George?”

Dream then asked, voice soft. Looking for a verbal reply instead of a simple nod.

“Just, do it, Dream.”

George mumbled.

He saw how Dream visibly swallowed, before he leaned down. Pausing for a split moment right before pressing their lips together.

George’s eyes fluttered shut, and for a moment he couldn’t breathe or think or move or-

He felt Dream’s tongue swipe along his bottom lip, then he gently parted his lips with his own, and

George just went with it.

But he couldn't ignore the small jolt that was sent down his spine as he felt Dream push his tongue into his mouth.

And before he could stop himself, a moan fell out of him, falling right onto Dream's tongue.

It made heat rush through him, his cheeks grow hot.

But Dream didn't pull back and judge him.

Didn't point and laugh.

Instead, he kissed him deeper. And then responded with a moan of his own, causing absolute tingles to run down George's body.

He then felt Dream's hands place over his wrists. He then grabbed them, his large hands easily wrapping around his wrists.

Then he pushed them up, pinning them above George's head as he panted against his lips.

They were now both breathing heavily into the kiss, and something about the way Dream was holding his wrists pinned down made hot jolts and tingles go down George's spine, soft moans slipping out of him as Dream kept kissing him - and my god he was actually a good kisser too.

Maybe a bit too good. Almost dangerously good, George thought, as he felt himself growing hard.

He was actually getting hard from this.

From kissing.

Kissing Dream.

It made him whine into the kiss, now feeling embarrassed. Worried Dream would notice.

This was getting too far.

They were taking this too far.

George let out another embarrassing moan, then turned his head to the side, tearing away from the

kiss,

“Dream-“

He panted, wrists still held captive by Dream’s hard grasp on them, pinned above his head.

“Dream, we should stop-“

George then said, to which Dream spoke, out of breath,

“What? Why?”

George simply whined in response, not wanting to explain that he was getting too into it and felt embarrassed over the fact.

“We should just- just keep going. This is great practice, George.”

Dream then said.

He then tightened his grasp on his wrists,

“Do you like being pinned down like this?”

“Wh-why are you asking me this, Dream?”

George responded, eyes shut and head turned to the side as he was trying to catch his breath, trying to calm down his hard on as best he could with his mental abilities.

“I need to know what you’re into. Just answer the question, George.”

“Alright fine, just, tell them I’m into it. Tell them- whatever, Dream.”

“But are you into it?”

Dream pressed.

George whined in response.

“Look at me, George.”

This made George, somewhat reluctantly, open his eyes to glance up at Dream.

“Yes.”

He then answered, mostly just to have Dream shut up about it.

“Yes what?”

George shut his eyes, pushing his head back,

“Yes to your stupid question, idiot.”

He opened his eyes again to see Dream fighting back a grin, his hands tightening their grasp on his wrists.

“Tell me what more you’re into, George.”

Dream then said, voice a bit lowered, making George tip his head back as he groaned,

“Nothing.”

He then mumbled.

“Nothing? You can’t be into nothing.”

Dream mumbled back,

“Or is it just that you don’t know?”

George attempted a slight shrug,

“Maybe, I don’t know.”

Dream's gaze dipped to his lips,

"Fine then, guess we're just gonna have to keep going and find out what you're into."

"Wait, Dream, what does that mea--"

George's words were cut short by a soft gasp slipping out of him instead, a response to Dream rolling his hips down to grind into him.

And he was still hard.

George's face immediately heated up from embarrassment, making him shut his eyes and turn his head to the side.

"You're hard, George."

Dream registered loudly, making George want to sink through the bed and disappear completely.

"So you do like this, then."

Dream then said as he put some emphasis on the grasp he had on his wrists.

"Or was it the kissing, maybe?"

Dream then said, voice dipping low.

George groaned, shifting below him,

"You're so annoying,"

He got out, sounding almost as flustered as he felt.

George didn't know what to do next.

He felt beyond embarrassed to be in this position. Be hard, from simply kissing Dream. And have Dream take notice of it.

He was honestly surprised Dream was still sticking around, that he hadn't ran off the moment he felt he was hard.

Maybe he took it as a compliment or something.
Suppose he does have an ego of sorts.

After finding out George was hard, Dream was taken over by curiosity of what else George could be into.

So, he moved his hands, using only one hand to hold both of George's wrists pinned above his head, as his other hand moved down to place over George's hard on. Making George's breath hitch,

"What're you doing, Dream?"

George got out, just as Dream dipped his head down and started kissing him down his chin, jaw, down to his neck where he began leaving a hickey.

And as he was making the mark on his skin, lightly biting down, he felt George's dick twitch against his hand.

Dream pulled back, an expression of confusion mixed with excitement on his face as he looked at the mark he'd left on his skin,

"You're into that. Aren't you, George?"

George seemed flustered over the whole thing, and Dream's hand was still on his crotch.

He tried avoiding answering Dream's question, instead going,

"Did you actually leave a mark, Dream?"

"Uh, yeah."

George groaned,

"Dream,"

"Just answer me, George. You like hickies?"

"I don't know,"

George practically whined, avoiding answering as he felt beyond embarrassed to do so.

"What? It's so obvious that you- just say yes, George."

George pushed his head to the side,

“I don’t know, Dream.”

He said again, shifting slightly below his frame.

“Oh come on. George- like actually, work with me on this, do you actually want us to fuck this up?!”

Right then, as Dream raised his tone, accidentally allowing his temper get the best of him for a moment, he could feel George’s dick twitch against his hand again.

It made his brows raise as George shut his eyes in embarrassment, pulling a pained expression as he truly just wanted to disappear right then and there.

“...George...”

Dream said after a silent moment, making George hum in a flustered way, keeping his eyes shut.

“Do you.. like it when I yell at you, or.. something?”

“You make it sound so weird,”

George got out under his breath, feeling very embarrassed.

Dream bit his tongue from saying that it was, in fact, weird.

Very weird, actually.

But, he didn’t speak his mind. Didn’t wanna risk scaring George away.
Especially not now when they were finally making progress with this.

“Why do we have to focus on me so much? Can’t you say some stuff you’re into instead?”

George then said, desperate to take this heat off of him.

“Fine. I’m into when someone follows my orders and do what I say. So tell me what the fuck

you're into, George."

He pushed a bit extra with his tone, just to see if he could get another reaction from George.

Which seemed to work somewhat as he noticed George biting his bottom lip, keeping his head turned to the side, eyes shut.

This intrigued Dream, making him wanna keep pushing it even further,

"I'm not gonna drop this George, so tell me. Or I might just beat the shit out of you, is that what you fucking want?!"

As the words were leaving Dream's lips he worried he might come off too harsh. But then George let out a strained moan at his words, and Dream bit his bottom lip as he watched his flustered expression. Astounded at how George was reacting to being yelling at.

"Look at me, George."

Dream then demanded, keeping his tone harsh.

George let out a small whine as he turned his head to face him, eyes opening to look up at Dream.

"Yes or no, do you like me yelling at you?"

Dream then said, watching as George's gaze dipped to his lips.

"I don't know,"

He breathed, still avoiding answering it truthfully despite how obvious the answer actually was.

He felt Dream tighten his grasp on his wrists, holding both of them with one hand with ease.

"Just answer yes, you fucking idiot."

He then said, to which George groaned lightly as he attempted to pull his hands out of his grasp.

But as he failed miserably to get free, he said,
“You’re so annoying, how are you so strong?”

He noticed something in Dream’s gaze darken at this, but he kept going with his complaints,
“And your hands are so big and, annoying. You’re so annoying, Dream.”

As the words fell off his tongue, there was no doubt about it as he looked at Dream.

He was getting turned on from hearing all of this.

It intrigued George. Seemed he might have something on him now as well.

And maybe he could use it to take the heat off of him.

So, his gaze dipped to Dream’s lips again, seeing them slightly parted.

He then rolled his hips up, grinding up into his crotch, and almost gasped when he felt Dream was hard too, now.

And just to push it a bit extra, just because he knew it would affect him, George looked up into his eyes, biting his bottom lip lightly before he said,

“You’re so big, Dream.”

He could see how hard his words hit him, Dream’s face completely giving him away for a moment before he said,

“Fuck,”

Under his breath, right as he dipped down and captured George’s lips again without any warning.

He then rolled his hips down to grind into George, causing both of them to moan into the kiss.

George loosely wrapped his legs around him, grinding back up into him. Moaning as he felt Dream kiss him with passion, heat, want and lust.

The whole thing was quite overwhelming, and the way Dream kept grinding down against him was pushing George a bit too much, making him too hot and bothered, too close to the edge.

So, he tore away from the kiss. Head turned to the side, both of them panting.

He shut his eyes, trying to collect himself.

He then swallowed, before speaking,

“Do you like it when I call you big and strong, Dream?”

George’s voice was out of breath as he spoke, lowered to his best ability.

Dream swallowed hard,

“What?”

George turned his head to look at him, eyelids heavy,

“You’re into that, aren’t you?”

“I don’t know, maybe.”

Dream mumbled.

But the answer was so obvious to both of them.

He then tightened his grasp on George’s wrists and dipped his head down to start kissing George’s neck, again putting the heat on him.

Making George whine softly at the feeling of being so pinned down and Dream’s lips on his skin.

It made him feel hot and flustered, and as Dream rolled his hips down once more to grind into him, he moaned out,

“Daddy,”

...Just to check.

He just wanted to check if Dream was into that.

It wasn’t at all a instinctual response to what they were doing.

Not at all.

Dream's breath hitched against his skin once the word slipped out of George. And as their crotches were already pressed against each other, George could feel his dick twitch in response.

George's head was spinning.

So Dream was actually into that after all.

Dream pulled back,

“Holy fuck, George-“

“You like being called that? You're into such weird things, Dream.”

George mumbled, once again trying to take the heat off of him and sort of play off him saying it in the first place.

Cause it wasn't him who-

Dream was the weirdo who liked it-

He only did it for Dream.

Dream's gaze fell to George's lips,

“What? You're the weirdo here. You're the one who said it. And you like it when I, like, yell at you.”

George gave a soft groan at that, struggling against his grasp as he turned his head to the side. Feeling so hot.

Truly, that did backfire on him.

“Whatever, Dream.”

He mumbled.

“I bet you liked calling me that, too.”

Dream then said, tone so suggestive.

George shut his eyes, pressing his lips together.

He didn't.

He wasn't the weirdo here.

“I-I only said it to see if you like it.”

He then got out.

“Oh yeah, I'm so sure.”

Dream mumbled, grinding down against him once again, causing George to suppress a moan.

“Want me to call you baby, then?”

Dream then said with a low tone.

George shifted slightly below him, secretly loving hearing the nickname fall off of Dream's tongue, and be directed right at him.

“It's good if we have nicknames like that, George. Married couples have nicknames.”

Dream then mumbled, and George nodded,

“Sure, whatever, Dream.”

But he did have a point, it was probably good if they did have some sort of nicknames like that for one another.

A quick grin flashed across Dream's lips as he saw George's flustered reaction to their nicknames, grinding down once more,

"I can't believe you're the one calling me weird, George,"

He said as he bent down, pausing right next to his ear,

"If we had sex, I bet you'd love it if I was rough with you. Made it hurt."

George's breath hitched at his words, his voice so low and seductive, right next to his ear. Offering things he didn't even know he wanted.

He shut his eyes, trying to calm himself down.

But then Dream continued,

"I'd make you scream. I'd bring you to the point of tears, and then still have you beg for more."

George couldn't hold back the moan that slipped out of him, buckling his hips up into Dream, feeling heat course through him.

"You'd fucking love that, wouldn't you?"

Dream then said, tone a bit harsher, grip on his wrists tighter.

And holy fuck, George felt himself getting dangerously close right then, almost climaxing right then and there.

Which was bad.

Really, really bad.

And most of all, embarrassing.

They didn't do this to get off, this was just to make things more clear on what they're like in bed, or what they're into.

Stuff they need to know if it's gonna be convincing that they're married to each other.

But now, it was definitely going too far.

It had been going too far for a while now.

"Dream--"

George got out.

"What? Just say you'd love it, George."

"Dre--"

Dream rolled his hips down again,

"Or do you want me to pay you to say it?"

George moaned at that, breathing fast and heavy, rolling his hips up as Dream pulled back to look at him. Making George turn his head even further to the side, wanting to hide his flustered state, hot cheeks.

Dream's intense gaze was on him as he kept speaking,

"You're so fucking money hungry, George. I bet if I fucked you, you'd want me to shower you in money. You'd love that, wouldn't you? Ride my dick and call me Daddy whilst I made a bunch of dollar bills rain over your pretty face and body."

A moan caught in George's throat as those words took him right over the edge, the visual of it all playing in his head as he came hard.

And did Dream just call him pretty?

"Dream--"

He got out as his hips buckled up. And for a moment he couldn't think or breathe, head tipping back and mouth falling open.

And just knowing that Dream was watching him through all of it only made him even more hot and bothered.

Made him moan his name softly, his mind still on cloud nine where he didn't have to register how weird this was or how much he was crossing the line by calling out for Dream as he came.

In that moment, he was just gone. Feeling pure bliss, strangely turned on by how Dream was holding his wrists pinned down still.

Once George had calmed down from his high, he opened his eyes. Looking up at Dream with parted lips and heavy eyelids.

He caught Dream's gaze flicker from his eyes down to his lips,

"That's.. good. Now I know, uh, now I know what you look like when you, uh, when you cum, George."

Dream mumbled.

He then cleared his throat as he pulled back. Finally releasing the grasp he had on George's wrists, leaving them red and slightly bruised.

Visibly swallowing as he seemed a bit dazed from watching that whole thing just now.

"Wait, Dream, you need to finish too."

George then mumbled, to which Dream huffed,

"I mean, technically, no. I don't. We pretty much know what we're both into now."

George sat up at this, staring at him.

He didn't like that one bit.

There was no way he would be the only one getting embarrassed here, the only one who had an embarrassingly intense orgasm in front of the other.

“No, you need to, Dream. I need to see what you look like when you cum, too.”

Dream seemed to have a protest ready on his tongue. But for some reason, he bit it back.

Looking at George, something intriguing swirling within his gaze.

He then gave a nod,

“Alright. Fine. Whatever, George.”

He mumbled, moving his hand down to his sweats, pushing it past the waistband and grabbing the visible outline of his hard dick.

George could barely look away from his movements. Exhaling slowly as he watched him. And then, before he could think to stop himself from speaking, he said,

“Show it to me.”

Dream looked at him, and George almost expected him to call him weird again. To protest that this was in fact just crossing a line now.

So before he could say anything, George quickly added,

“I should know what it looks like. If I’m married to you, you know.”

That made Dream scoff lightly.

But then, without a word, he pulled the waistband of his sweats down a bit, pulling his dick out for George to see.

George bit his bottom lip, holding back a flustered, nervous giggle as he turned his head to the side.

It was bigger than he thought it was.

“What do you think of it, George?”

Dream then asked, making George look back at him again. A soft, flustered huff escaping him.

He then trapped his bottom lip between his teeth for a moment as his gaze dipped down to his length once again, seeing Dream slowly stroke himself with his hand.

Those hands..

“It’s so big.”

George said, voice somewhat airy.

He said it mostly because he knew it would do something to Dream, turn him on.

And he was right.

It absolutely did.

Keeping his gaze on his dick, he could see small beads of precum coming out from the tip, a reaction to his words.

It made George bite back a smile, heart making a small jump in his chest as he felt tingles at the pit of his stomach.

It was exhilarating, knowing he could affect Dream like this.

Dream cleared his throat, hanging his head forward slightly. Thumb swiping up the precum as he kept stroking himself.

Trying to keep an unbothered expression on his face despite both of them knowing how turned on he got from those words just now.

“So what was it that pushed you over the edge? The idea of me showering you with money, or the fact that I called you pretty?”

Dream then said, turning the heat back onto George who was taken a bit by surprise to have that thrown back at him so suddenly.

“What?”

He said, voice airy. Gaze shifting from Dream’s face to his dick.

Dream huffed,

“Well, I mean it’s obvious you have some sort of praise kink, right?”

His gaze lifted to lock eyes with George, who suddenly felt as if a huge spotlight had been flipped onto him.

‘Obvious’? How was it obvious?

And how long had he been thinking about this, exactly?

George’s gaze dropped as his face felt hot, lips parting as he was searching for words to turn this around. Put the heat on Dream instead.

And eventually, he just shrugged and said,

“Well, and? So do you.”

Dream huffed,

“What?”

George’s gaze snapped up to meet his,

“You’re into it as much as I am.”

Cause in that moment, as he really thought about it, he could recall several instances where Dream has wanted praise from him.

He even chuckled slightly as he recalled,

“I mean, remember that one time you wanted me to praise you for a few minutes as payment for video ideas?”

He shook his head,

“I can’t believe you’re the one calling me out for having a praise kink, Dream.”

Dream huffed, putting one hand behind himself as he leaned back a bit,

“Alright, fine. I guess we’re both into that, then.”

George’s brows raised a bit as Dream admitted to it.

“Okay.”

He mumbled, wetting his lips as his gaze dipped to watch Dream stroke himself once again.

Dream caught his gaze, studying his seemingly intrigued expression for a moment before he mumbled,

“You should put it in your mouth, test your gag reflex.”

George pulled a face at his words, huffing softly, trying to seem like he thought Dream was weird and insane for saying such a thing.

Mask the excitement he actually felt from Dream’s words.

“What? No.”

He got out, looking to the side, heat rushing to his face.

“I bet you’re thinking about it right now.”

Dream said, his voice low.

“I’m not.”

George mumbled, to which Dream huffed,

“I’m so sure.”

George looked back at him again, gaze immediately dropping to his dick.

His lips parting slightly as his mind began running with the mere thought of putting that thing between his lips.

He then watched as Dream sped up his movements, stroking himself a bit faster.

“You can be honest with me George. We’re married. You can admit that you wanna suck my dick.”

Dream mumbled, to which George shifted his gaze off of his length,

“I don’t.”

Dream kept his gaze on him,

“But have you ever done that before? Sucked someone off?”

George pulled an insulted expression at his words,

“No? Obviously not. Why would I?”

Dream huffed, George’s eyes meeting his gaze,

“I don’t know,”

Dream mumbled, then added,

“You’d like it, though.”

His breathing a bit heavier now as he spoke.

George tried seeming disgusted rather than intrigued with the idea. Gaze shifting down to Dream’s dick again, seeing his hand move fast along his length.

“Why do you say that, Dream?”

He then asked, voice slightly airy.

“You just, you have a good mouth for it.”

George’s brows lifted at Dream’s words, watching Dream’s gaze dip to his lips.

What did that even mean?

And was this just him speaking in the moment, or was it something he’d thought about before?

Whatever the reason for his words, it did intrigue George. In a way that he tried to ignore.

But then Dream said,

“You should just try it, George.”

And it made him cave.

“Okay, Dream. Fine.”

He mumbled, shifting in his seat, getting on his knees and leaning forward.

Heart speeding up in his chest as heat rushed through him, and a nervous yet excited tingle went down his spine.

A fluttering excitement pooling at the pit of his stomach.

Dream drew a breath, seeming a bit surprised to see him actually go along with it.

“Wait, actually?”

Dream then asked.

George paused right in front of his dick, wetting his lips, now feeling a bit flustered at Dream’s surprised tone.

Did he not mean it when he told him to do it?

Was he just messing with him?

He swallowed, quickly thinking of an excuse as to why he’d want to do this,

“I mean, maybe it’s best you, like, finish in my mouth anyways so there won’t be a mess. There’s no tissues around, so..”

George then looked up at Dream through his lashes. Seeing his lips part, an interesting look in his eyes.

Dream then gave a soft huff,

“If that’s what you want, George. I mean,
I wouldn’t wanna make a mess or anything.”

Dream spoke, the tone of his voice low.

George gave a small huff, a failed attempt at a scoff,

“It’s not that I want to, it’s just, a smart way to not make a mess.”

“Sure, whatever you say, George.”

Dream said, voice dipping low in that seductive type of way that he did so well without even seeming to try.

George’s gaze dipped to his dick as it was right in front of him, seeing Dream slowly stroke the length.

His lips parted, an excitement stirring in his stomach just thinking about putting his lips around the tip.

Why he actually wanted to do this, was something he wasn’t gonna dwell on for the moment.

It’s just curiosity.

Like wanting to try new food, or, a new hobby, or.. something.

He looked back up at Dream through his lashes,

“Put it in my mouth, then.”

He mumbled.

Then, he had a thought.

Just for fun, almost as a joke, he added,

“Daddy,”

However, it sounded nothing like a joke.

And landed nothing like a joke.

It wasn’t a joke.

Dream looked at him, a darkness swirling within his gaze, lips parted.

His hand then guided his dick to George's mouth,

“Open up, then, baby.”

He said under his breath, making George part his lips.

And immediately Dream began pushing into his mouth, making George's eyes fall shut as he gave out a small noise around his length.

It was a strange sensation, and his heart was pounding fast in his chest as Dream pushed in further into his mouth, a bit deeper than he'd expected.

Was he actually gonna gag?

How far was Dream gonna push it in?

He put up a hesitant hand, that then danced in the air next to Dream's thigh as if prepared to grab him in case it got too much, went too far, too deep.

But so far Dream was taking it slow with him, seeming understanding of the fact that it was his first time.

Dream's hand also found its way to the top of George's head, running his hand through his hair, pushing it back before grabbing a handful of hair.

“I knew you'd look pretty with a dick between your lips.”

Dream said under his breath as he looked down at him.

Listening to the praise made George's face heat up as he moaned around him.

Dream then paused after pushing about half of his length between his lips.

He then began stroking himself, only being able to stroke the part of his dick that wasn't in George's mouth.

George could hear Dream's breathing pick up as he stayed in that position, felt his fingers brush against his lips every so often as he kept stroking himself faster.

George then opened his eyes carefully. Looking up at Dream through his lashes, finding Dream already looking down at him.

An aroused look on his face, brows slightly raised and knitted, lips parted.

He must be very close, George thought as he absentmindedly moved his tongue slightly along the underside of Dream's length.

That's when he felt something land on the back of his tongue, and he quickly realized it was a few drops of precum.

He swallowed around it, as if going on instinct. And as he did, Dream's breath hitched slightly and he swore under his breath.

George then felt him grab harder on his hair, push himself a bit further into his mouth.

The movement was rough and made George gag slightly as his eyes watered.

Which was something he thought would scare him away, make him pull off and tell Dream it was too much.

But for some reason, he kinda liked it.

A tingle was sent down his spine and his heart made a jump in his chest at Dream's rough movements.

And he found himself wanting him to do it again.

But it didn't seem they had much time or room for that, as Dream's breath was quickening up even more, followed by him mumbling,

"George--"

And that was about as much of a warning he could get out before he came.

George shut his eyes and almost gagged as he felt cum hit the back of his throat, and lots of it.

There was so much, he almost considered pulling away for a moment.

It was overwhelming.

But also strangely arousing.

His heart kept beating fast in his chest as he took it all. Listening to Dream's moans, feeling him jerk his hips up one final time which definitely was a bit too much.

But eventually he calmed back down, and George swallowed hard around him. Eyes watery, barely tasting the salty substance as it had hit the far back of his throat.

It definitely was a strange consistency to swallow.

He was already familiar with the consistency of it pretty much his entire life, obviously. But actually swallowing it was something he'd never had previous experience with.

As soon as he'd swallowed everything, George pulled off of Dream's dick, a string of saliva connecting from the tip to his bottom lip.

He wet his lips, looking up at Dream as he sat back up again.

Dream was still catching his breath, looking away for a moment as he pulled his sweats back on.

He was probably being hit by the absolute magnitude of the situation. Of what they'd just done.

George swallowed, gaze dropping to Dream's shirt,

"I think we've gotten some good practice, now."

George mumbled, trying to convince both of them that this truly had just been to make sure they'd pass the interrogations later.

That it was all just for 'practice'.

Dream nodded, an absentminded look in his eyes.

He then spoke,

"We should share a bed tonight."

He looked at George, who looked confused at the suggestion.

"What?"

“Married couples sleep in the same bed. What if they ask about our sleep patterns? We need to know these things.”

George blinked a few times as he let it sink in.

But then he nodded.

Alright.

Suppose, it wasn't nearly as weird as what they'd just done.

Friends sleep next to each other all the time.

“Good. I, uh, I need to go do something now, so, I'll see you later.”

Dream then said as he stood up. Barely allowing George time to say,

“Okay,”

Before he took off, out the door.

George wasn't sure if Dream was avoiding him after their, ‘encounter’, but somehow he barely saw him again for the rest of that day.

It wasn't until late at night when Dream came into his room. Looking at him from the door as George laid on his bed, scrolling Twitter on his phone.

“Wanna go to bed?”

Dream mumbled.

“I'm in bed.”

George mumbled back, gaze still on his phone.

He could hear Dream give out a light scoff,

“You’re an idiot.”

George fought back the smile that threatened to blossom across his lips.

“I meant my bed, George. Come to my bed.”

George’s gaze raised over his phone at that,

“Come to your bed? Why do you want me in your bed, Dream?”

He spoke, tone teasingly suggestive.

It made Dream roll his eyes,

“George. Stop being an idiot, come on.”

Dream said, then turned around and left his room. Seeming to have full confidence that George would follow him out.

Which George wanted to challenge for a moment, stay put simply to annoy him.

But eventually he gave in, locking his phone before getting up on his feet.

He then went and grabbed his toothbrush before going to Dream’s bedroom, feeling some slight nervous tingles through his body as he approached it.

He wasn’t sure why, it’s not like it’s the first time they’ve slept together, technically.

Cause technically, they’ve done this several times before, through sleep calling.

However, this was different.

Of course.

When they sleep call they can’t accidentally grab each other in their sleep or such things.

Sleeping next to someone is certainly different than when you have a whole ocean between you.

They took turns getting ready in Dream's bathroom. Brushing their teeth and such.

George then got out of the bathroom, glancing at Dream laying on the bed as George began making his way towards the bedroom door,

"I forgot to bring something to sleep in."

George mumbled, fully prepared to go get something from his room.

"You can just borrow something from me."

Dream then mumbled, making George halt in his step.

He sounded so nonchalant about it. As if it wasn't a big deal at all.

Which.. maybe it wasn't? Maybe-

George spun around,

yeah. Surely, it wasn't a big deal at all.

"Alright. Give me something to wear, then."

Dream huffed, looking up at him from his phone.

He then put his phone to the side, then proceeded to take off the black shirt he was wearing. He then threw it right at George.

"Have that. I usually sleep naked anyways."

George looked at him,

"What? Dream- you- you can't sleep naked next to me."

He swallowed, hoping Dream didn't catch on his slight stutter just then.

But it also made his head spin,

'usually'?

Does that mean, when they've sleep called, he's been-

He shut his eyes as he let out a flustered huff at the thought, trying not to think about it.

"Fine, George, I'll have something on. But just, remember that, for the interrogation, I always sleep naked. Alright?"

George tried looking annoyed with him, trying to mask his running thoughts.

"George. Answer the question. Will you remember that?"

"Yes. Stop asking stupid questions."

George then said, before turning around to go back into the bathroom, shutting the door behind himself before getting changed into the one item of clothing Dream had provided him with.

It was a nice shirt, the fabric felt nice and it was still slightly warm from Dream's body heat.

And it smelled like him.

It also fit slightly oversized on George because of their size difference.

He felt fluttery tingles in his stomach as he wore the clothing item.
Trying to brush off the strange feeling as he turned around to go back out.

Dream was now laying under the covers, still shirtless, looking at his phone.

George also took notice of his sweats laying on the floor next to the bed, and he got nervous.

"...Dream."

He mumbled, looking at Dream who glanced over at him from his phone,

“Yeah?”

“Are you.. naked?”

“What?”

Dream said as he laughed,

“George- no, I’m not, naked.”

He worded it as if the very idea was ridiculous. It made George huff, then sigh.

Suppose he’d have to trust his word for it.

So he made his way to the bed, then got in under the covers next to Dream.

He then glanced at Dream, who was still on his phone.

He was then overtaken by curiosity, wondering if Dream had actually been telling the truth just now or not.

So, since Dream seemed distracted, George moved his hand and discreetly lifted the covers. Glancing under to see,

oh.

He was in fact wearing underwear.

George released the covers again and tried to seem casual as he reached for his phone instead.

“I told you I wasn’t naked.”

Dream mumbled, making George freeze for a split moment before he huffed,

“I didn’t say anything.”

“But you looked.”

“No, I didn’t.”

Dream let out a light scoff,

“George. Come on.”

“What? I wasn’t looking.”

“I’m so sure.”

“I didn’t look, Dream.”

Dream fell quiet at that, clearly not playing along any further.

George was sort of happy he dropped it as he feared he might end up cracking eventually and admitting to it.

After laying scrolling on their phones for a while, they decided to actually turn off the lights and get some sleep.

George figured one of them would have to get up and turn the lights off. But then Dream simply turned it off with an app on his phone, making the whole place go dark.

“Of course you have one of those.”

George mumbled, to which Dream laughed.

There was something so warm to his laughter, that became even clearer in the dark somehow.

Then, it was silent for a moment.

And they probably should've just gone to sleep at that moment. Drift off, be done with this strange day.

But George found himself wide awake, staring at the barely visible ceiling in the dark.

It was strange to think, that this had been the bed Dream had been sleeping in so many times whilst George had been asleep on the other end of their call.

In some strange way, George had already slept here with him before.

As he laid thinking about their sleep calls, George suddenly remembered,

"I'm gonna leave if you start snoring, Dream."

He heard Dream give out a laugh at this, which surprised him slightly as he hadn't been sure if Dream had already drifted off to sleep or not.

He then heard Dream shift slightly next to him, as if he was turning his body towards him,

"Fine. And I'll leave if you do it."

"I wouldn't, though."

"Oh yeah? You sure about that, George?"

"I am, actually."

He heard Dream huff, then go silent for a moment.

Then, Dream spoke up again, but now changing the topic completely,

"Why do you like it when I yell, George?"

George felt his face heat up.

Why did he have to bring this up now?

Was he still thinking about that?

“Shut up, idiot.”

He mumbled back, not wanting to get into his weird turn ons.

“To be fair, you are the idiot here who-“

Before Dream could finish his sentence, George smacked his face with a pillow.

It made Dream burst out laughing,

“George! What the hell was that?”

George couldn't help but laugh slightly as well,

“Just don't ask dumb questions, Dream.”

“You- you just smacked me, with a pillow!”

George remained silent at this, putting the pillow back where he'd found it.

“George!”

“What?”

“Apologize.”

“No.”

It was silent for a brief moment, then George felt a pillow hit him right in the face. Making him scream in surprise.

Dream then kept hitting him with the pillow, causing George to hold his hands up to shield himself from his attacks,

“Wha- Dream! Stop!”

“Apologize, George!”

“Dream!”

He shouted through laughter, one of his hands reaching back to grab another pillow, that he then used to hit Dream back.

It made Dream laugh and shout his name before he hit him back with his pillow once again.

“Dream! Stop!”

George shouted through laughter, letting out excited giggles every time he managed to get a good hit on Dream.

“Why are you telling me to stop? George! You’re hitting me!”

George let out more laughter, something wild within his eyes as he hit back.

But it was right then that Dream changed his strategy, grabbing the pillow George was using to hit him with and tearing it from his hands. Throwing it somewhere to the side before he resumed to hit George with his own pillow again.

“Wha- Dream!”

George said as he immediately grabbed Dream’s pillow. Copying his strategy.

Dream halted, now slightly out of breath,

“Let go of the pillow, George.”

“You took mine.”

“George.”

“Will you stop if I do?”

“Maybe.”

“Dream,”

George groaned, making Dream laugh breathily,

“What?”

“You’re so annoying.”

“Oh I’m annoying? You’re the one who started it, George.”

George huffed, grabbing the pillow tighter to then yank it completely out of Dream’s grasp as he let out a roar like sound.

He then threw it to the side, a soft thump like sound was heard as it landed on the floor somewhere close to the door.

It was then that Dream moved, grabbing George’s wrists as he got ontop of him. Pinning him down to the bed.

His lips then parted, as if he was about to say something.

But then he just stared.

And George stared back up at him, almost holding his breath as his heart thumped in his chest.

He then caught Dream’s gaze dip to his lips for a moment, before he said,

“You wanna have sex?”

George froze, his lips parting as he drew a sharp breath.

His body immediately began heating up, heart beating faster in his chest.

What does that even-

How does he respond-

Does he-

Actually,

does he want to?

His breathing picked up as he stared up at Dream.

Why was there an excited tingle forming at the pit of his stomach the more he thought about it?

And just as he was about to speak, give some type of answer, perhaps ask him what he meant by that, or, if he really meant it in the first place,

Dream broke into laughter. Then proceeded to say,

“I’m kidding, George. I’m just- I’m kidding,”

Right as he pulled back, releasing the grip on George’s wrists.

George shut his eyes, swallowing before he let out a frustrated sigh.

He then grabbed the nearest pillow next to him, and smacked Dream with it.

“George!”

Dream exclaimed as George hit him one, two, three more times with the pillow, letting out a groan as he hit him a fourth time.

“You’re such an idiot,”

He got out, hitting him with the pillow one last time that was mostly dodged by Dream’s hands as he held them up in defense.

George then pulled the pillow back, hugging it to his chest before burying his now hot face into it,

“You’re so annoying, Dream.”

He said, groaning into the pillow.

Dream laughed,

“What? Did you want me to mean it?”

George let out a soft huff against the pillow.

Did he?

Was the images filling up his mind of Dream pounding him into the bed actually wishful thinking?

He cringed slightly at himself, feeling dumb to even allow his brain to race to such a place and not pick up on it being a joke immediately.

Of course it was a joke.

And he didn’t-

It’s not like he, wanted it not to be, or anything.

Perhaps it was a relief that Dream was just joking.

No, it was definitely a relief.

Absolutely.

“You’re an idiot,”

George mumbled and lightly rolled his eyes as he put the pillow back. Laying down with his back facing Dream,

“Goodnight, Dream.”

He mumbled, trying to just drift off to sleep.

Which was now even harder than before.

And then, Dream just had to speak again.

His voice lowered in such an intriguing, hot way. Almost whispering as he said,

“I would’ve done it with you if you’d said yes.”

George opened his eyes again, staring at the wall opposite him.

Did Dream actually just say that?

He blinked, wondering if..

Was it too late to say yes now, then?

Or-

Actually, who was he kidding?

If he says yes, Dream will probably reveal he was once again just joking, making George look like an embarrassed clown.

So, he didn’t speak another word.

Leaving Dream’s words unanswered and up in the air.

And eventually, somehow, he managed to finally drift off to sleep.

George woke up the next morning, feeling something draped around him. Something warm pressing against his back.

He blinked a few times, confused about his whereabouts as he saw the room he was in. Which wasn’t his own room, where he usually sleeps.

That's when the previous day hit him, making his eyes widen.

And immediately, he looked down. Seeing it was Dream's arm that laid draped around him. He then noticed how one of his large hands was loosely holding George's hand at his front.

And Dream's other hand was placed on George's chest, right over his heart as he held him close.

They were laying with their legs entangled, Dream's chest pressed against George's back, face tucked into the nape of his neck where his breath lightly tickled George's skin. His arms hugging George close to his body.

George laid frozen in place for a moment, unsure of what to do.

He should probably try to break free of this, right?

Wake Dream up, put distance between them.

But for some reason, he struggled to do so.

And for some reason, he found it somewhat.. nice. Laying like this.

Dream's embrace was warm in the most comforting way.

And there was just something that felt so rare, so special, about being in this position with him.

It almost made him hold his breath, almost afraid Dream would actually wake up and this moment would be over.

He'd pull away and George would suddenly feel much colder and miss having those arms wrapped around him.

Something about laying like this just felt so.. right.

And safe.

He'd probably never felt this safe in his whole life before.

Which was absolutely terrifying.

Cause what does that even mean?

As soon as he began to spiral, he immediately felt he had to wake Dream up.

Tangle himself out of this mess.

They're not actually a thing, and this whole marriage thing is just for the legality of it all.

He's not actually into Dream, or anything.

George moved his hand out of Dream's loose grasp, then grabbed one of Dream's wrists hesitantly. He then began lifting his heavy arm off of him.

This made Dream groan and pull him even closer, a soft sigh brushing the hairs at George's nape.

George shut his eyes, swallowing.

"Dream,"

He mumbled, hearing sleep lacing his own voice.

No response.

He turned his head slightly to the side,

"Dream."

He said again, making his voice a bit louder.

This time, Dream mumbled back,

"What?"

His voice barely coherent as he was still pretty much half asleep.

"I can't move, Dream."

George then said.

A second or two passed, then he heard Dream draw a breath as he pulled away from him. Secure arms and comforting body heat leaving George at an instant as he listened to Dream rolling onto his back instead.

“Sorry.”

He heard Dream mumble, still sounding half asleep.

George regretted speaking up the moment they’d separated.

He now felt cold, and devoid of something else he couldn’t quite put his finger on.

Which definitely made him nervous.

And worried.

George reached over to grab his phone on the nightstand, trying not to think too much about Dream and Dream’s safe arms wrapped around him and his chest pressing against his back with gentle snoozing hitting the back of his neck which made his heart flutter in this strange type of way-

He unlocked his phone, desperate to take his mind off of it, to think of something else.

He scrolled on his phone for a moment, but his attention kept drifting back to Dream.

So eventually, he said,

“Dream? Are you awake?”

He expected to be met by silence, but instead, Dream said,

“Yeah.”

It took him by surprise, but he quickly shook it off and mumbled,

“Okay. Good.”

He then put his phone to the side,

“So, uhm, is that our.. routine, then?”

“What is?”

Dream mumbled, to which George huffed,

“Cuddling.”

He said quietly, then cringed slightly at himself for actually saying it.

“Sure.”

George gave a nod, then sat up,

“Alright, good.”

He then moved, about to get out of bed to go splash some water onto his face or, something.

He just needed to get away from Dream, properly clear his thoughts.

Think of a platonic explanation to why it felt so nice being in his arms just now.

But as he was about to get out of bed, Dream grabbed his wrist.

“Wait, George.”

George paused,

“What?”

“That can’t be our entire routine.”

George looked down at Dream’s hand grasping his wrist,

“What do you mean?”

He mumbled.

“I mean, we’re a newly married couple. A freshly married, young couple, would be doing more than just cuddling in the morning.”

George’s brows knit,

“So.. what does that mean?”

“Get on my lap, George.”

Dream mumbled.

George’s face heated up, a fluttering tingle at the pit of his stomach,

“What?”

“Just do it, idiot.”

George swallowed, feeling a tingle of nerves go through his body as he began moving. Obeying Dream’s words and straddling his lap.

As soon as he’d done so, he felt flustered by the position they were now in. Gaze downcast as he struggled to look Dream in the eyes.

But then his heart made a jump in his chest as he felt Dream place both hands on his ass.

“I think our routine would be doing something like this in the morning,”

Dream mumbled as he used his hands to guide George’s hips into doing a circle, making George’s breath hitch.

“Except, you know, it would be us actually having sex. Obviously.”

George placed one hand on Dream’s bare chest, his face hot as he felt- was Dream actually growing hard against his ass?

It made him shut his eyes, a soft, airy moan escaping his lips as he tipped his head back. Moving his hips to grind down a bit harder.

“Yeah, that’s- that’s good, George,”

Dream mumbled, then moved his hands off of George’s ass, using one hand to place behind himself as he raised his upper body off of the bed.

His other hand moved to the back of George’s neck, pushing his fingers into his hair. He then placed his lips against his neck, right below his jawline where he began placing a few kisses.

It made George moan faintly, feeling Dream’s breath grow heavier against his skin as he kept rolling his hips down.

He then felt Dream place a hickey on his skin,

“Dream..”

He moaned, tipping his head back, slightly to the side to allow him more access to his neck.

He then felt Dream push up against his ass, which made him arch his back, hearing Dream moan against his skin.

It was driving him insane.

And they were now both hard and breathing heavy, and George felt himself getting grabbed by the urge to wanna do this for real.

The real thing.

Have Dream actually put his-

“George,”

Dream mumbled as he pulled away from his skin,

George let out a soft whine in response and Dream put his forehead against his neck,

“I think this is where we stop.”

He spoke, making George shut his eyes, trying to calm his breathing.

Heat spreading across his cheeks after what he’d just been thinking about.

What he'd just been willing to do.

George felt Dream pull back again,

“But now we know the routine. That's.. the routine.”

Dream mumbled.

He then used his hand to tap the side of George's hip, signaling for him to get off of his lap.

George got off of him, then moved to sit next to Dream on the bed. Immediately grabbing a pillow to casually cover his crotch with.

He then watched as Dream got out of the bed and went to the bathroom without another word.

As soon as the door shut behind him, George groaned and fell back onto the bed. Putting the pillow over his face instead to scream into it.

The stuff that had just gone through his head, what he'd just been willing to do..

It had to have been a heat in the moment thing.

Right?

Nothing more than that.

Surely.

His mind was just.. going places.

He was getting too into the role, this, act, of playing married to Dream.

This is probably something real actors face on a daily.

It's probably not weird at all.

This is what George kept telling himself a few moments later as he stood in the shower, trying to wash the tension out of his shoulders.

Trying to clear his mind somehow.

But being alone under the spray of water, unable to escape his thoughts, was just about the last place he wanted to be at for the moment.

After George had gotten ready for the day, he met up with Dream in the kitchen, who told him to take a seat by the kitchen island.

Dream then sat next to him, and pulled out a notepad and a pen,

“So,”

He began as he tried out the pen on the paper, scribbling a messy line to get the ink going.

“We need to go over our whole, morning routine.”

George swallowed, trying to ignore how his mind immediately went back to them panting and moaning as they were grinding on each other in bed.

What made things worse was, in his mind they went further than that. And it wasn't just pretend. It was them actually having sex, George actually riding Dream's-

Dream cleared his throat, pulling George out of his thoughts as he mumbled,

“So, after our.. bedroom routine, breakfast would be.. I mean, to start with, none of us drink coffee. So that one's easy.”

George watched as Dream began writing it down.

He then suddenly realized, quickly reached his hand out to grab Dream's wrist. Stopping him from writing any further than ‘no coff’

“Wait- Dream, are you actually gonna write this down?”

Dream looked at him,

“Yeah? It's easier to remember that way.”

“But, don’t you think.. I mean, what if they come to our house and search the place. Wouldn’t it be weird for us to have written down our morning routine?”

George watched as Dream got a contemplative expression on his face.

He then gave a slight shrug, putting the pen down and sitting back,

“Fine. Alright, let’s just.. hope we remember it, then.”

“I mean, we probably will. You remember weird stuff all the time.”

Dream gave a slight huff at that, then pushed the notepad away from him slightly,

“So, no coffee. Who cooks?”

He glanced at George before saying,

“You should cook. Right? I mean..”

George pulled a confused expression at that,

“Why me?”

“I don’t know. Fine. Let’s take turns, then.”

Dream grabbed the pen only to tap it against the notepad, but without writing anything down.

“Aren’t you better at cooking than me?”

George asked, to which Dream huffed,

“Probably.”

He then tipped his head to the side, looking at George,

“But what can you cook then?”

“Pancakes.”

“You mean crepes.”

“No. Pancakes, Dream.”

Dream shook his head with a small chuckle,

“Those are not pancakes, George.”

“They are.”

“No- actually, George, listen, if they ask us what you cook in the morning and we have different answers, that’s gonna mess this whole thing up.”

George shrugged,

“Fine. Then you cook.”

“Oh come on, just admit they’re crepes.”

“But they’re not.”

“Fine! You wanna be sent back home over stupid flat pancakes?!”

It got quiet for a moment as a big smile began blossoming across George’s lips.

Dream shut his eyes and sighed, a smile beginning to form on his lips too,

“What?”

He asked, voice in a slight exhale, sounding soft.

“You admitted they’re pancakes.”

Dream put his head into his hands, groaning,

“George!”

George made a giggly laugh, watching as Dream sat up straight again, sighing deeply as he began playing with the pen again.

“I’m not telling anyone those things are pancakes, George.”

“Fine. Guess I’ll just be sent back to England, then.”

Dream looked at George who raised his brows in challenge.

Dream challenged his gaze for a moment before he huffed,

“You’re an idiot, George.”

He mumbled, gaze dipping to his lips for a split moment before he looked away and cleared his throat.

“But you know what, George? I’ll say it’s crepes. And then I’ll just tell them my husband is an idiot who thinks it’s pancakes.”

Hearing Dream call him his husband, took George by surprise. Making his heart do some weird thing in his chest and he had to swallow, gaze dipping.

Husband.

Right.

He is Dream’s husband now.

He tried not to think too much about how he felt about it, and instead resumed to trying to plan out the rest of the routine with Dream.

George was sat in vc later that evening with a few of their friends.

Him and Dream had spent the whole day going through questions and routines. Making sure they knew all the basics of each other like favorite color, favorite food, earliest childhood memory and such things.

It wasn't exactly a difficult thing as they already knew pretty much all there is to know about one another at this point anyways.

As George was sat relaxing in his chair, almost laying down in it whilst listening to his friends talking in his headphones, he got a text. Making a subtle buzz in his lap.

He turned his phone screen around and looked to see, it was a text from Dream.

'Come to my room.'

He let out a small huff as he read it. What could be on his mind now?

He glanced at the computer screen, then sighed before speaking,

"Alright, I'm leaving."

"What? Where are you going?"

Quackity asked in return.

"To see your mum. Bye!"

George then left the call before any more questions could be asked, removing his headset and fixing his hair a bit before getting up. Going towards Dream's room.

George knocked once, then opened the door without waiting for a response,

“What do you want?”

He asked as soon as he walked into the room, seeing Dream standing next to the bed.

“You know how we talked about how we need to like, know what we both look like when we cum?”

George’s head jerked back a slight bit as he pulled a confused expression, his face heating up a bit as he hadn’t expected Dream to immediately throw that at him.

Dream looked at him, expecting an answer. So George said,

“Uh, yeah. And?”

“You didn’t look at my face when I.. you know.”

George’s gaze dropped.

Right.

He..

Wasn’t exactly looking at his face when that happened.

They truly had gotten a bit too lost on the actual objective there last time, on why Dream had to cum as well.

Instead George had his eyes close as he was swallowing his-

George shut his eyes, wetting his lips before looking at Dream,

“So what’s your point, Dream?”

Dream huffed,

“My point is, George, that we need to correct that. Now.”

George felt heat course through him,

“What?”

He said airily, then added,

“Correct that how?”

Images immediately began flooding his mind of him sucking off Dream again.

Is that something George wanted to do again?

Is that why he’s thinking about it now?

Did he enjoy it that much?

“Well, my plan is,”

Dream said, interrupting George’s thoughts as he walked over to the foot of the bed. Grabbing a laptop that laid there,

“I quickly get off now and you can just, I don’t know, watch. Or something.”

He mumbled as he opened the laptop, then propped it up on a console table right in front of the bed.

George looked at the laptop, seeing he already had a porn site opened. Had even selected a video.

He’d prepared for this.

Dream looked over at George who stood quite stunned, feeling a strange excitement light in his chest at the whole situation.

Which was.. weird.

Why did he want to do this with him, again?

“You wanna watch me cum or not, George?”

Dream asked, to which George gave a flustered huff, wetting his lips as he began walking towards where Dream sat on the edge of the bed,

“Don’t put it like that. You make it sound weird.”

Dream chuckled at that, a hint of nerves in his laughter,

“I mean, it’s not like it’s not weird.”

“Whatever, just, start doing it.”

George said, feeling somewhat nervous, yet excited, yet.. something else.

He leaned forward, pressing the space bar on the laptop so the video would begin playing.

He then glanced at Dream, who huffed,

“Okay,”

He mumbled, then drew a breath as he moved his hand, pushing it past the waistband of his sweats.

George felt his heart jump in his chest and heat rush south as he watched Dream, who fixed his gaze on the laptop as he began slowly jerking himself off, hand moving below the fabric of his sweats.

George felt his face heat up as he kept his gaze on his movements.

He had to bite his tongue in that moment to stop himself from asking Dream to take it out, show him his dick as he was stroking it.

But right then, as if Dream had heard his thoughts, he used his other hand to push the sweats down, enough to pull his dick out.

George had to look away from him in that moment, swallowing as he looked over at the laptop instead.

He hadn’t really expected him to actually do it.

He fixed his gaze on the porn Dream was watching, seeing it was some boring generic one that didn’t really spark George’s interest.

But then his gaze drifted, and he took notice of how Dream’s reflection was showing in the part of the screen that the video wasn’t covering.

George watched him, his lips parting slightly as he took in the expression on Dream's face.

Heavy eyelids as he keeps his gaze on the screen in front of them, hand moving faster as he went, lips parting as his breathing got heavier.

George turned his head to truly look at him, gaze roaming over his profile. Taking in the way he tipped his head back just the slightest, one hand going back to hold himself up as he leaned back slightly. Legs parting as he shifted a bit, biting down lightly on his bottom lip before a small moan escaped him.

George tried ignoring how hard he was getting himself as all of this was unfolding. Shifting slightly in his seat. Gaze going back to the screen to look at Dream's reflection again, but pretending to be watching the video.

He then heard Dream moan again, and had to shut his eyes for a moment to take it in, pressing his lips together.

It was just so hot.

Watching him, listening to him,

it was driving him insane.

George opened his eyes again, watching Dream's turned on expression in the reflection.

"Are you close? Dream?"

George managed to get out just then, throat feeling dry, voice airy.

And why was he also getting slightly out of breath from just watching this?

"Yeah,"

Dream breathed, making George turn his head to look at him again.

"Remember to look at me when you do it, Dream."

George then mumbled. And Dream's sharp, heavy lidded gaze immediately shifted to him, making their eyes meet.

George's breath hitched slightly, and he was instantly overcome with the urge to kiss him.

It made him look away, swallowing as his gaze went back to the screen, gaze darting around as he

tried erasing the mental image of how Dream had looked just now.

“Look at me, George.”

Dream then said, breathing heavy.

George’s gaze traveled back to him, lips parting as he looked at Dream’s lips almost instinctually.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about right now.”

Dream said.

“Nothing.”

George mumbled.

Dream huffed,

“You’re lying, George.”

George’s gaze went back up to meet Dream’s eyes,

“I’m not,”

He said, voice faint. Not convincing to anyone, really.

He saw a quick smile graze Dream’s lips before he shut his eyes and huffed slightly, lips parted, his breathing uneven as he seemed to get closer to climax.

George pushed a hand into his hair, pushing it out of his face, gaze locked on Dream.

He noticed how his brows knit slightly, then watched as he bit his bottom lip, hand moving faster along his length.

Dream’s lips then parted,

“George- are you- are you watching, George?”

He got out, voice rushed, breathing heavy. A desperate, needy tilt to his voice.

It was clear that he was close.

George swallowed, taking in his current state.

“George,”

Dream said again, clearly wanting an answer from him.

George almost wanted to hold back even longer from answering just to keep hearing him say his name like that, in that tone, sounding so close to climax.

It truly was a visual, Dream moaning out his name as he was getting off.

Something that really made his head spin.

Dream opened his eyes, looking at George with heavy eyelids. Groaning as he saw George was in fact looking at him.

“George- you’re an idiot,”

He mumbled, moving his hand faster.

“Why?”

Was all George could get out in that moment.

“Fuck- just, keep your eyes on me, George,”

Dream said as he shut his eyes again.

George did as he was told, gaze roaming over Dream. Watching him get closer to climax.

Dream then moaned, tipping his head back slightly as he came.

George watched him, taking in all of it.

Head spinning as Dream’s moan along with his blissful expression as he came already played on repeat in his head.

His own eyelids felt heavy as he watched him, and he'd never felt this hard and turned on in his entire life.

Dream soon opened his eyes, wetting his lips as he was coming back to his senses.

His gaze then found George, who was staring at him.

George then said,

"I missed it. I wasn't looking."

Dream looked at him with a deadpanned stare, then noticed George fighting back a smile, making him huff,

"You're such an idiot,"

He said, voice dripping with fondness.

George bit at his lip, then he drew a breath as he looked away. Feeling hot, frustratingly turned on, and slightly embarrassed over this whole situation.

What even was this?

He'd just watched Dream get off.

He put his hand against his cheek, then moved it to push some hair out of his face, letting out a flustered sound.

What even was this whole-

Did that just actually-

Dream held up his hand, which now had his cum all over it,

"You want some? You seemed to enjoy it so much last time."

George gave a flustered huff, shaking his head as he lightly rolled his eyes,

“What? You’re an idiot.”

Dream chuckled at that. But then he said,

“No, I’m serious. I don’t have any tissues around. Lick it off for me?”

He held his hand out, as if he was making some casual offer that wasn’t literally ingesting his cum.

George kept his gaze on him, a look on his face showing that he thought Dream was insane for making such an offer.

“Come on. Just do it, George. It’s not like it’s your first time doing it anyways.”

George gave the lightest scoff at his words that came out sounding very flustered.

He then wet his lips, gaze shifting from the cum on Dream’s hand to his eyes.

He then finally said,

“One hundred subs.”

“What?”

“I’ll do it if you gift me one hundred subs.”

Dream held back a smile,

“Only a hundred? Sure.”

Right.

That wasn't that much, was it?

"Five hundred."

George then quickly said. To which Dream laughed,

"No, you've already agreed to one hundred, you can't just change the deal last second, George."

"Five hundred or I won't do it."

Dream looked at him for a moment, as if challenging his offer, hoping he'd budge under his gaze or something.

But when he didn't, Dream sighed,

"Fine. Five hundred."

George bit back a smile,

"One thousand."

"What? Okay, this is ridiculous, George. I'm gifting you five hundred, that's the deal, now fill your end of the deal."

George looked at him, then huffed.

"Fine."

George then said, reaching his hand out to grab Dream's wrist, bringing his hand over to him. Swallowing as his heart made a slight jump in his chest once it was right in front of him.

He parted his lips, bringing Dream's hand closer to his face.

He then cringed slightly before he leaned forward, carefully licking some cum off of Dream's middle finger.

His gaze flicked up to look at Dream's face, seeing something dark swirl within his eyes.

Dream then moved his fingers, and began pushing two past George's lips, making him suck on them for a moment before he pulled them back out again.

George found the taste of it was more evident now as it wasn't solely at the back of his throat, but he didn't exactly hate it.

And something about it all was strangely.. hot.

Dream got him to lick everything off his hand and at the end of it Dream was the one who pulled away once it was finished, giving a light chuckle at George,

"You really liked that, huh?"

George drew a breath, hand going up to loosely cover his mouth, avoiding his gaze,

"Shut up, Dream,"

He mumbled, standing up and making his way towards the bathroom.

"Where are you going?"

Dream asked.

"Gonna wash my mouth out."

George said right as he reached the bathroom, hearing Dream scoff as he opened the door.

George then got inside, closed the door behind himself, quickly locked it then pressed his back against it.

Shutting his eyes and tipping his head back as an exhale escaped his lips.

His hand immediately moved to his pants, pushing down under the waistband to start stroking himself.

He had to bite back a moan as he moved his hand fast, his mind playing back Dream's facial expressions, his moans, all of it.

The taste of his cum still lingering on his tongue, making him suppress another moan.

His brows raised and his breathing grew shallow, making it harder for him to stay silent.

He tried biting back his sounds as best he could, moving his hand faster and faster and and it didn't

take long before he came.

A moan slipped out of his mouth, making him slap his other hand over his mouth. Moaning against the palm of his hand as his knees grew weak below him. Causing him to slide down against the door, his mind repeating Dream's name over and over again.

He fully sat down onto the ground, head tilted back against the door, one hand still covering his mouth as he tried catching his breathing and calm back down after his intense orgasm.

After he'd calmed down somewhat, he pulled his hand away from his face. Pulling his other hand out of his pants to see cum all over his fingers.

He swallowed, allowing his hand to just dance aimlessly in the air for a moment as he shut his eyes, trying to collect his spinning mind.

Did Dream hear him just now?

Was he loud?

He'd tried his best keeping it down, but he'd also been so in the moment that he almost forgot to even think for a second there.

He groaned softly, using his cum-free hand to push his hair out of his face.

Once George had gathered himself and washed his hands, he went out of the bathroom to find Dream sitting on the bed, casually on his phone.

But as George was approaching the bed, Dream looked up at him. Their gazes meeting. A loaded, tense intensity present between them.

"Dream,"

"George."

George wet his lips, nervously wondering if Dream had heard him just now.

And that's when another worry hit him as well,

did he accidentally call out Dream's name as well just now?

He certainly kept repeating it in his head, but his mind had been such a haze, he'd been so taken over by his orgasm, he wasn't sure if he accidentally let it slip out a few times as well.

"You hungry?"

Dream asked suddenly, pulling him out of his worried thoughts.

George's brows raised a bit,

"Uh, maybe."

Dream got off the bed, walking towards him to get to the door,

"Good. I'll make us something."

George gave a small huff as Dream passed him, opening the door behind him.

"Okay, Dream."

George mumbled as he followed him, happy he was gonna do the cooking for them so he could just sit and watch, and hopefully not have to think much.

They cooked together, then invited Sapnap to join them once it was time to eat.

Which was a good choice, as having a third person with them in the room eased the weird tension that had been pretty much a constant thing between them since the previous day.

They then all watched a movie together, and things felt quite normal for a bit.

But once night came, it was time for Dream and George to go to bed together, again.

And it was once they got into bed, and everything fell silent around them, that the tension crept back up again.

George looked up at the ceiling as they laid silent in the dark room, wondering if he should say something.

But after a minute or two had passed, he settled for half whispering,

“Goodnight, Dream.”

He could hear Dream move slightly, then whisper back,

“Goodnight, George.”

George turned his head to the side, facing Dream.

He could barely make out his face in the dark. But once his eyes managed to adjust, he realized Dream was looking back at him.

He then heard Dream sigh deeply, then watched him raise his upper body, propping himself up on his elbow as he leaned over. Pausing right above George, their noses almost touching.

It made George’s breath hitch. And he was just about to ask what Dream was doing when he felt Dream press their lips together.

It made him inhale sharply through his nose, feeling Dream’s tongue stick out to lightly swipe across his bottom lip. Causing George to part his lips and moan softly into the kiss.

George’s hands went up to then pause right by Dream’s head, dancing in the air as he struggled to decide whether he should grab him or not.

But then Dream pulled away, and George was left without even having any option anymore. His hands falling back to his sides as Dream laid back next to him, a soft huff escaping him as his head hit the pillow.

George’s face was now burning as he laid staring at the ceiling.

Was he dreaming?

Had he already fallen asleep?

What was going on?

Why did he just-

“Thought that should be a part of the routine.”

Dream mumbled, as if he could hear George’s mind running wild with questions about what just happened.

“What?”

Was all George got out, head spinning, still unsure if he was dreaming or not.

“Our routine. We should kiss when we say Goodnight.”

George turned his head to face Dream again, staring for a moment.

He then said,

“Okay.”

Voice airy, gaze locked on Dream’s profile in the dark.

George woke up the next day, finding himself once again being spooned by Dream.

Dream’s arms holding him close, George’s back pressing against Dream’s chest.

George sighed softly, but didn’t make any effort to move.

It was too.. nice, to move.

He just wanted to stay like that for a little longer.

He shut his eyes again, deciding he might just get some more sleep.

George was woken up a little while later by Dream pulling away from him, making him feel much emptier suddenly.

He glanced over his shoulder to see Dream reach for his phone, holding it up to check the time.

He then mumbled,

“George,”

Voice laced with sleep.

“What?”

George mumbled back.

“The interviews are today.”

George’s eyes widened slightly at Dream’s words.

Already?

Were they ready for it? Had they prepared enough?

Dream got out of bed,

“Get up, George.”

He mumbled as he began making his way to the bathroom, clearly still tired. Would probably rather sleep an hour or two more.

“I am up.”

George mumbled back, gaze following Dream to the bathroom then sighing once the door shut

behind him.

Suppose today was the day.

They have to nail this perfectly. Everything is resting on this.

Does he even remember the routine?

What were Dream's kinks again?

His favorite childhood memory?

What was the name of that one family member he used to visit as a kid?

George groaned as he put his head in his hands, almost wishing they'd gone with the note taking route like Dream wanted to.

Would've been easier to go through all of this if he had it all written down.

But, he's just gonna have to rely on his memory, and hope the questions aren't too bad.

It'll probably be fine.

They both got ready, dressed up in suits just to make an extra good impression.

They even matched up their ties with their favorite colors, George wearing a blue one as Dream wore a green tie.

George had to bite his tongue when he saw Dream step out in that suit after getting dressed.

He looked really good in it, making George struggle to fully look him in the eyes for a moment.

But he didn't speak his thoughts out loud.

It would just make things weird. And he wasn't even sure if he'd be able to say 'you look good, Dream.' Without stuttering.

Once they'd arrived at the place where the interviews would hold place, they both had to sit and wait for a moment in a waiting room.

They made sure not to speak much as they waited, just in case they were being watched or listened to.

An older lady soon came out and called out George's name, as he was apparently gonna go in first.

George stood up, palms slightly sweaty as he felt the nerves truly kick in.

He then began walking towards her. But right as he took his first step, he felt Dream grab his wrist.

He looked back at him, seeing Dream had stood up, standing tall. He then reached out with his other hand, cupping George's face before dipping his head down to capture his lips with his own. Kissing him slowly yet with a spark of passion.

Something strangely loving about it.

But since they hadn't rehearsed or spoken about this bit whatsoever, George was caught by surprise. Head spinning as Dream kissed him, barely having time to respond to the kiss before Dream pulled back from it.

George swallowed, looking up at Dream who gave him a quick smile before releasing him.

Dream then sat back down again, and the lady called for George again, who spun around to face her.

He then began walking towards her, hand going up to fix his hair, brushing it out of his face as he released a nerve filled breath.

Had that kiss looked weird to her?

Did he look too off guard?

Was it believable?

What was Dream thinking kissing him out of nowhere like that?

Leading up to this interview, George had expected just about the worst.

He'd thought it would be a vile interrogation, at least three people staring him down and threatening to dunk his head in water if he didn't answer every question in the most pristine way possible.

He imagined the questions to be about making exact descriptions of every detail of their sex life, describe every single thing they do throughout the day. Then give them an exact count of how many birth marks and freckles there is on Dream's entire body.

That sort of stuff.

But, the interview wasn't anything like that.

It went by rather smooth, actually.

They did ask a few questions about their sex life and daily life together. Also questions like, how they'd met and when they first started dating.

But this was all stuff they'd practiced, and the story of how they met wasn't anything he needed to lie about anyways.

But then it came to the question of when they first fell in love.

And it hit George then, that they hadn't gone through this one.

Which, he felt like an absolute idiot over.

How could they have glazed over this? It felt like the most basic question for this type of scenario.

They spent so much time going through so much stuff that isn't even being asked, but this they forgot about?

George tried to look casual, trying to seem as if he was thinking back on it. Giving a slightly nervous chuckle as his gaze went about the room for a moment,

“I guess I first realized it when...”

He shut his eyes, trying to go back into his memory. Of all their memories together.

And for some reason, one specific memory came forward. And as he felt he didn't have time to think of anything else, he spoke,

“Back before we.. dated, we used to talk every single day,”

He opened his eyes,

“It was just something we both had gotten so used to, it wasn't ever anything we full on decided or set our minds to. It just kinda happened.”

He drew a breath,

“So anyways, at the end of twenty twenty, we had some sort of, conflict, or, I don't even remember the reason for it but, we ended up not speaking to each other for about three days.”

He looked up at the woman across from him,

“I think it was during that time when it really hit me.”

“What hit you?”

The woman asked.

George faintly shrugged,

“Just, how, I don't know, how much I missed him. Just three days without him felt so.. I guess I just didn't realize until then how much he.. means to me. How empty it feels without him.”

He looked down at his hands,

“And how, I didn't just miss him like a friend would, I guess you could say.”

He said, looking back up at her.

“So that’s when you knew?”

She asked.

George’s gaze dipped,

“Yes.”

“I’d just like you to look at me as I ask one final question,”

The woman said as they were nearing the end of this interrogation.

George felt a tingle of nerves, knowing he was close to the end of this but worried what question she could have in mind.

He nodded as he met her gaze, and she said,

“Are you in love with Clay?”

George’s heart made a small jump in his chest, for some reason.

And right then, his mind went back to the night before, when Dream had leant over and kissed him in the dark. Stealing his breath away and leaving him wanting more.

“Yes. I’m in love with him.”

He responded, voice going slightly weak as he spoke. He’d always struggled with the L-word.

Especially when he means it the most.

So when he answered the question, he wasn’t even fully sure if it was a lie or not.

After they’d both finished the interrogations, Dream and George met back up in the waiting room.

Joining hands and walking out together to go to the car.

“So how did it go?”

Dream asked once they were in the car together, away from any eavesdroppers.

“I don’t know. Good, I think.”

George said, glancing at Dream who nodded.

“Same here. Except.. there was that when did you know question that we forgot to go through beforehand and I feel like such an idiot for forgetting it.”

George nodded as he looked forward,

“So what was your answer?”

He then asked, keeping his gaze forward.

“I just told them.. I don’t know, there was a time, I don’t even know if you remember but, we didn’t talk for a few days.”

George’s whole body tensed up, and for some reason he held his breath as he kept listening to Dream speak,

“I just told them, that it was then that I knew. After going a few days without you, that I never wanted to experience that ever again.”

George’s lips parted as his breath hitched.

He then realized he was tearing up, and he quickly blinked, gaze dropping.

Why was he getting emotional over hearing that?

He turned his head to look out the window. Trying to quickly gather himself.

“So what did you tell them?”

Dream asked.

George cleared his throat,

“Uhm, I don’t know, I just told them it was during some random long call or something.”

For some reason, he found himself unable to tell him the truth.

Would Dream be weirded out if he knew they’d answered the same thing?

Cause, what did that even mean?

He heard Dream sigh deeply, then mumble,

“We should head home.”

George nodded as Dream started the car.

They both felt somewhat on edge for the rest of that day, not knowing if they’d been convincing enough during those interviews.

On the other hand, it was nice to have had it done, at least.

But now, all they could really do was wait.

And it’s not like it was over yet, they still had to keep this facade up until they knew things were clear.

So, they went about their daily lives, then went to bed together at the end of the day.

And as they laid there, in the dark, George couldn’t help but think of the previous night.

And it hit him then, that he wanted Dream to do it again.

Why did he want Dream to kiss him again?

He really was getting too into this whole act at this point, truly.

He shut his eyes, a light huff escaping him as he tried finding the humor in it. He really was ridiculous for being so caught up on that.

He then sighed softly as he looked up at the ceiling,

“Goodnight, Dream.”

He said quietly.

“Goodnight, George.”

Dream then responded.

George then almost expected him to actually do what he did the previous night. And when he didn't, George scoffed lightly and said,

“No goodnight kiss tonight then.”

Right after he'd spoken, he saw Dream prop himself up on his elbow like he'd done the night before. Then carefully lean over, making George's heart stop for a moment.

“I didn't know you wanted one.”

Dream said, his voice low.

George's gaze searched his face in the dark, feeling his own cheeks heat up,

“I didn't say that.”

“Do you want me to kiss you, George?”

George huffed in an attempt to almost laugh at his words. Wanting so badly to seem unbothered, as if he found the concept itself ridiculous.

But his gaze dropped to his lips and he didn't find it funny one bit.

“What?”

He got out instead, hearing the nerves in his own voice as the word came out of him.

He could see a smile blossom across Dream's lips, then he said,

“Goodnight, George.”

In such a sweet voice, it probably would've made George's knees buckle had he been standing up.

His gaze shifted back up to Dream's eyes. And for a moment, as he caught him leaning in just a slight bit further, he almost expected Dream to just do it. Kiss him.

In his mind he was shouting at him to do it.

But then Dream pulled back, and George had to ball his hands into fists to stop himself from reaching out for him, grab his shirt and pull him back down.

Press their lips together and kiss him absolutely breathless.

He shut his eyes, letting out a slow breath as he could hear Dream lay back down next to him.

He then turned around, putting his back to Dream.

Trying to calm his fast beating heart, suppress all these weird urges and thoughts.

It wasn't real.

They were just playing pretend.

He couldn't actually want to kiss him.

Right?

The next few days were filled with a lot of waiting and wondering.

Sapnap got sent in to answer some questions as well so they could get multiple people's perspectives and hear from the ones closest to Dream and George.

A person was also sent over to check on their house, see how their living situation was looking. If it was believable that they slept in the same bed and lived like an actual couple.

It was lucky for them that they'd had George sleep in Dream's room for the past few days, made it all the more believable.

George was sat by his computer a few days later, playing chess and trying to just take it easy.

The past few days had been tense and stressful and he'd worried a lot after all the interviewing and such.

It was stressful, not knowing if he was gonna be allowed to stay in the country or not. Not knowing if he was gonna have to start packing up his whole life soon.

And if he has to leave, what happens then?

Do they go back to how things were before?

Do they try to fight it?

And-

He had too many questions that he didn't even want to think about, it was probably best to just try to not think at all.

George was out in the kitchen refilling his water bottle when Dream walked in, a dumb smile on his face.

George glanced at him,

“What?”

He asked, taking notice to that smile.

Dream gave a shrug, trying to hold back his smiling,

“I don’t know, just read something.”

George huffed, capping his water bottle,

“What did you read, then?”

Dream cleared his throat, taking out a paper.
A letter.

“Just this thing that said we passed. And you get to stay.”

George froze, staring at him. His gaze then shifted to the letter Dream held up, then back to him.
Feeling in disbelief,

“Dream- Do you actually mean that?”

He said, almost afraid to breathe, as if it would suddenly change what was said on that letter.

“I do. I mean it, George.”

Dream said, beaming.

George let out a huff, letting go of his water bottle as he went towards Dream who was already reaching out for him, both of them wrapping their arms around each other.

George hugged him tightly, letting out a laugh of relief. Feeling happier than he’d felt in days, weeks, even.

The absolute weight that fell off his shoulders was immense, and he smiled so brightly it almost hurt.

He then felt Dream lift him up to spin him around once, purely out of ecstatic glee. And it made him giggle joyfully, butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

It truly was the best news for them both.

And in that moment, they both felt happier than ever.

They soon stopped hugging, both still beaming as they separated.

George ran a hand through his hair, mumbling,

“Oh my god.”

Dream exhaled happily,

“Well, I guess we can go back to normal now. And you can sleep in your own bed again.”

And that, is when George’s smile faltered.

Cause, right.

They’ve accomplished what they set out to do.

They reached their goal.

Now they don’t need to pretend to be in love anymore.

He looked up at Dream, meeting his gaze. Staring at him for a silent moment.

He then nodded, swallowing,

“Right.”

He mumbled, gaze dropping.

“Finally,”

He then added, adding a light scoff after.

“Yeah..”

Dream mumbled.

He then cleared his throat, adding,

“We should uh, tell Sapnap.”

George nodded, and so they left to go do just that.

The rest of the day was filled with celebration over the great news.
Cause it truly was incredible. It was over now.

No more pretending.

They could go back to how things were before.

And so, as the night fell, Dream and George said Goodnight, then went to their separate bedrooms.

George stepped into the room he hadn't slept in for days.

The room was strangely cold, and suddenly didn't even feel like his bedroom anymore.

Suppose he'll just have to get used to it again.

It was probably all just about habit.

After getting ready, he got under the covers.

He then laid there, staring up at the ceiling.

The room was so quiet. Dark. Cold. Empty.

He turned his head to the left, where he would usually find Dream laying next to him.

But this time, there was nothing there.

The space was empty, and it was just him there.

The bed all to himself.

Why did it feel so.. wrong?

So empty.

George drew a breath as he turned his head to stare up at the ceiling again.

He then shut his eyes, trying to just let sleep overtake him.

About five minutes passed, before he heard his door suddenly open.

Carefully, quietly, as if whoever it was worried about disturbing him.

George kept his eyes shut, wondering if he'd even actually heard correctly as the movements were so quiet.

But then he felt the bed dip slightly, both hearing and feeling someone lay down next to him.

That made him open his eyes, turning his head to see,

“Dream?”

He whispered softly, watching Dream's profile. Seeing him exhale deeply.

Dream then spoke,

“I couldn’t sleep.”

George’s gaze traced his profile. Watching as Dream turned his head to face him.

“Me neither.”

George responded faintly.

“Can I kiss you Goodnight?”

Dream asked, making George’s heart jump in his chest.

“Yes.”

He responded, before his mind could begin to run with reasons for why he shouldn’t.

Dream then moved, getting ontop of him. Holding himself up with his hands placed firmly by the sides of George’s head.

He then dipped down, capturing George’s lips with his own.

He kissed him slowly at first. But as soon as George let out a faint moan against his lips, the kiss became more heated, passionate.

Dream pushed his tongue into his mouth and George wrapped his legs around his waist. Pulling him close, panting against his lips.

They might’ve both realized a long time ago that they can’t live without one another, but it was this night that they both truly realized they’ve actually fallen for each other as well.

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End Notes

So anyways I think dnf should get married irl now actually - I think that would work out

Great actually. :)

But thanks sm for reading, hope you have an amazing day !^^<33

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